

THE UNION.

ST. GEORGE POST OFFICE.

The mail from the north arrives every day except Sunday.
The mail from Pine Valley and the South arrives every Tuesday and Saturday and leaves on Monday and Friday.
The office is open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. every day except Sundays and holidays when it is open from 4 to 5 p. m.
Money order and Registry department open from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

JOHN PYMM, Postmaster.

Saturday, October 10, 1896.

...the young woman who with a salary of 20\$ a week as a stenographer buys, when the season comes, that representing six days' work. And it is well Mrs. Green does not, for if the young woman's head-covering is modest in size what would be that of Mrs. Green, whose weekly income at the smallest estimate is a greater number of thousands than the young letter writer receives of single dollars.

Mr. Rockefeller has not always been able to look up to such a pyramid of wealth representing his daily income. It wasn't so long ago and he hasn't forgotten by any means the time when he was clerking in a little grocery store down on the "flats" of Cleveland—the same city where he has now one of the most palatial homes. He was a young man then, and he and his brother, William—who is also now many times a millionaire, had a hard time to make both ends meet. Then they went in the grocery business on their own accounts on Water street, in Cleveland, and soon after obtained the agency for some of the Pennsylvania coal oil, which was then attracting much attention. The oil wells multiplied, and it became evident that a new era was being developed by the production of cheap fuel and cheap light.

The Rockefellers, together with H. M. Flagler and other Clevelanders, bought stock, and thus started on their way to surpassing wealth. Dozens of companies were formed, and the strategic powers of the Rockefeller brothers were shown by getting these small companies together into the great Standard Oil Company, which is now one of the world.

Millionaire Rockefeller may not be a model, but he has unquestionably set an example to some rich men in his many bequests and wise charities. He has never forgotten the simple tastes of earlier days, and lives more modestly than many men of one tenth his wealth. His children have been educated carefully and thoroughly and affect none of the so called airs of sweldom.—Examiner.

Sunday Services.

At St. George Tabernacle.

October 4, 1896.

Bishop James Andrus, presiding.
Councilor Edward H. Snow said he believed the Latter-day Saints, as a rule, see that the religions of the day are of such a nature that they have no use for it, but they want a practical religion whereby they can do the works that was taught by the Savior and his Apostles. We believe in modern revelations and we also believe in the Bible as a divine record, and that men wrote as they were moved upon by the Holy Ghost. To believe that God has neither body, parts or passions is unreasonable, for this

Scripture tells us that God made man in his own image. To believe that he sits on the top of a topless throne, is also unreasonable. The speaker continued at length on the death of Jesus and the atonement, and that we must be obedient to the laws of God in order to reap the blessings given through his death.

We must have faith in God and repent of our sins, be baptized for a remission of our sins and have hands laid on us by those having authority that we may receive the Holy Ghost. We will be judged by our works and we should not deceive ourselves, but we should keep the commandments of God, and live so that when the books are opened we will not be ashamed of our own record.

Bishop James Andrus endorsed the remarks of the previous speaker. He advised parents to be on the alert and know where their children are at night, and not allow them to be out at unreasonable hours. Advised all to be honest in all their dealings and teach the rising generation to do likewise.

Written for THE UNION.

HANDCART EXPERIENCE.

Continued.

After those men had made everything satisfactory to themselves about their marriage with the two girls spoken of, one of them asked if there was a butcher in the camp. I told him I was a butcher, and he said he wanted a beef killed. I told them I was on hand and asked them to give my wife something to eat while I was dressing the beef. They gave her and our child all they could eat, and they gave me a loaf of bread and quite a large piece of meat for my work. Our train had gone and it was nearly sun down when we were ready to start, and we traveled until late at night and we again camped alone on the plains, but this time we were more fortunate, having already had a good meal, and we had sufficient water with us. We sincerely thanked God for again thus providing for us, and although we were in an Indian country and nearly every white man we saw were the avowed enemies of the Mormon people, we were not afraid, but lay down and took sweet rest. In the morning, after partaking of a good meal of beef and bread, we again labored in pulling our cart, and when we came to Green River, we found the train had crossed and gone; and we were alone on its banks. We looked at the river, and I said to my wife we cannot cross this river alone. "She said 'no but the Lord will help us over'". At these words, my heart seemed to leap for joy, and I said 'yes, he surely will,' and we arranged our children and other things in our cart, then knelt down on the ground, in all humbleness, and in the sincerity of our souls we told our heavenly father that we were doing all in our power to keep his commandments to gather to the land of Zion and now we had come to this river, and we could not cross it alone, and we knew that all power was in his hand, and we relied on him to assist us over. We started into the stream, and as we did so we could see the deep water just ahead of us, and the next step we expected to step into the deep water, but when we took that step, the deep water was still ahead, and thus it was all the way across, and to our surprise we had not wet the axletree of our cart, and we were truly thankful to our heavenly father that we

landed on the other bank in safety.

After traveling a few miles down the river, we found our main company in a nice bend of the river. The scene that next met our gaze was heart rending in the extreme—children begging their parents to give them something to eat, but they but they had nothing to give them. and they were sad and down-cast.

It was indeed a sorrowful sight to behold, and it seemed that all human feelings had left the people.

We borrowed a large camp kettle and cut up the beef we had and boiled it thoroughly and divided it out to the sisters who had children, as far as it would go.

If the stories which come from Portland prison, England, where political prisoners are convicted, are true, England and her Gladstone need not shed tears for Armenians, for the cruelties which the Kurds have practiced are but humane acts compared with the refined tortures practiced in this hell-hole of Merry England. Prisoners are cast into dungeons where the light of day never penetrates and pure air never circulates; where filth abounds and starvation is resorted to; where men are lashed to death on the slightest pretext and their arms twisted into knots; where a word from the outside world is never heard and the prisoners are left in suspense and misery in the knowledge that kind missives from mother, sister, or brother have been received but may not reach them until years afterwards. Nearly every man pardoned from this pit of tortures has become demented. The stories are too terrible to be true.—Ogden Standard.

Private.—May I have a furlough for a day? We slaughter our hogs tomorrow.

Sergeant—All right. If you want to stay a day or two longer just send me word—but wrap it up carefully.—Fliegende Blatter.

Justice—You are charged, sir, with failing to provide for your motherless children, who are at this moment starving in your miserable home. How much money have you in your pockets?

Prisoner—Ten dollars.
Justice—I fine you \$10. Next case.—New York Weekly.

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CUSTOM MADE BOOTS & SHOES. REPAIRING NEATLY DONE. PRICES LOW.
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Who feed upon the wind,
Go and buy some nice new honey,
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